

Character Sketch,
DR. F. J. CAMPBELL, OF THE
KINGDOM OF THE BLIND.

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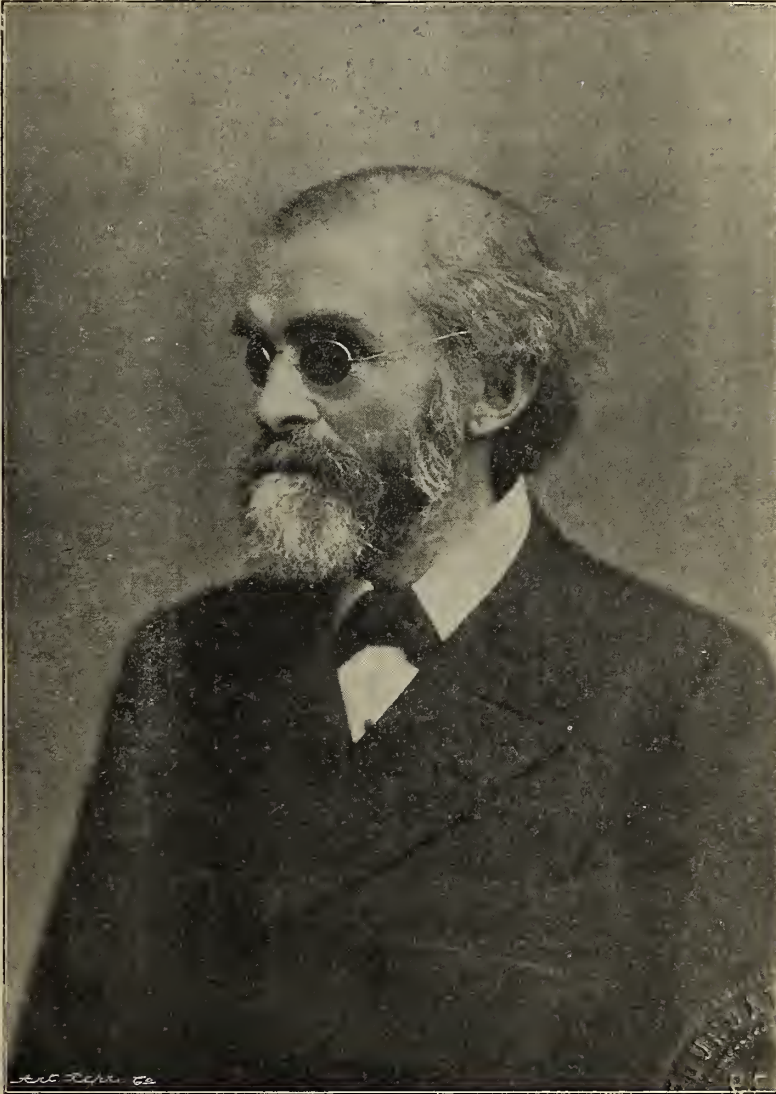
CHARACTER SKETCH.

DR. F. J. CAMPBELL, OF THE KINGDOM OF THE BLIND.

ONE of the ideas which persistently haunt me is that of editing a handy manual which, within the compass of Green's "Shorter History," would render universally accessible a clear and succinct account of all the Best things in the world. There are not so many Bests. Of second-bests there are plenty and to spare. A record of the best that man has yet achieved in the control of things and in the amelioration of the lot of the race would be a kind of up-to-date Bible for the Twentieth Century. For the true programme for that century will be to level up the hindmost to the standard of the foremost, and everywhere to go one better than the best yet. The record of the supreme excellence already achieved would

best that in the long æons of thought and toil has been achieved by the foremost leaders of mankind.

There would be, of course, a good deal of difference of opinion among authorities as to what is actually the best in each field of human endeavour and human achievement. But on some questions there is no room for difference of opinion. The pre-eminence in excellence is sometimes so well marked that it is universally recognised. In this class of the very Best, the undisputed class, a high place belongs to the institution that is inseparably associated with the name of Dr. Campbell. The Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, at Notwood, is admittedly and undisputably the best that



Photograph by

[Elliott and Fry.]

DR. F. J. CAMPBELL.

be at once inspiration and direction for those who are seeking anxiously the road to progress. "This is the way, walk ye in it," might be inscribed as a motto on its title-page, for there is no revelation for the race superior to that which is embodied in the record of the

has yet been achieved in the training of the blind. As it is just now in the crisis of its destinies, no moment could be selected more timely for the publication of a Character Sketch devoted to one of the most remarkable characters of our day.



SCHOLARS AT WORK IN THE COLLEGE GROUNDS.

I.—THE MAKING OF THE MAN.

Francis Joseph Campbell is an American by birth, presumably Scotch by origin, English by residence ; but his real fatherland is the Kingdom of the Blind. Therein he reigns supreme as the Great Expert of the Sightless Seers.

The Kingdom of the Blind is a realm that, unfortunately, is conterminous with the inhabited regions of the planet. Its denizens are counted by thousands, and by hundreds of thousands. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. If the total number of the inhabitants of this planet is taken at a rough estimate as one thousand millions, then the denizens of the Kingdom of the Blind are at least one million strong. For, "speaking generally of countries in temperate regions of the globe there are about one thousand blind persons to each million of the population." In Finland, however, the average is more than double that number. In the hot countries where ophthalmia is very prevalent the average would probably be higher than in the temperate zone. Of the million sightless about two hundred thousand are under sixteen. In England in 1881 there were 1,710 blind children between the ages of five and fifteen ; in the United Kingdom 32,000 sightless of all ages.

The Kingdom of the Blind is a realm of Poverty.

But whether rich or poor, differing as they do infinitely in race, station, language and religion, they are marked out from all the rest of their fellow-men by the fact that they are children of an eternal night. They sit in darkness all day long, for their lives are passed in unbroken shade.

The Kingdom of the Blind is in sombre contrast to the city which, in the Apocalyptic vision of St. John, was seen descending out of heaven from God, for it was

written, "There shall be no night there." Yet of the kingdom it may be said, as was spoken of the heavenly Jerusalem :—

The city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

Sun and moon and all the heavenly hosts fail to minister of their radiance to the citizens of the Kingdom of the Blind ; but the glory of God was to say "Let there be light, and there was light," and the mystic Lamb is the embodiment of that self-sacrificing Love, by whose aid alone the sightless learn to see.

Dr. Campbell has been doing that kind of creative miracle all his life. His college at Norwood is merely a material incarnation of the man. It is a place where those who have long sat in darkness and in the shadow have seen a great light arise, a light that has long been set on a hill, which no man can extinguish.

"There are only 160 pupils in the college," said the late Lord Playfair in 1888, "out of a total of 30,000 blind persons in this country, but that is not the extent of its usefulness. It is a beacon on a hill, showing the way the blind should be educated."

To understand it, it is necessary to understand him, and to understand him as he now is we need to look to his origin. He is an American—an American of the Southern States ; one of the few Southern Americans who have left an impress upon the motherland of the race. Most Americans who have made a dint in the life of the old country have come from New England or the Atlantic seaboard. Mark Twain is almost the only Southerner whose name is a household word in our midst. Hence the first wonder is, how the citizen of Tennessee finds himself established under the shadow of the towers of the Crystal Palace.

As often happens, the displacement from birthplace to the scene where his life-work was to be accomplished was effected by agencies and instruments whereof the chief actor knew nothing. In the quaint old legends of "The Talmud" men were transported hither and thither to meet their fate by the flying carpet of King Solomon. The secret of the wise king's magic is a mystery to the men of this generation, but the invisible Destiny that presides over our lot is in no lack of means for whisking mortals across continents and oceans in quite as arbitrary a fashion. Dr. Campbell was driven out of his native State, all unwilling, and unwitting what lay in store for him, by the scourge of impending starvation, emphasised with the rustle of the gallows rope. He has never been in gaol, at least not yet. But he has achieved the superior distinction of being within twenty-four hours of being hanged.

It fell out on this wise. Dr. Campbell in 1856, then a young man of twenty-four, had just succeeded in arranging his life satisfactorily according to his best judgment. He had married a wife, and had settled down with her as musical director of a large and flourishing girls' school in the State of Tennessee. There he might have remained to this day, but for a fortunate accident which at the time seemed to becloud everything, and scattered at a blow all his plans for his future. Just before his marriage he had entered Harvard University as a student. In those days slavery dominated the Union, but young Campbell had prejudices against the peculiar institution of his native State, prejudices which dated back to his early boyhood. One of the last sights he saw before he finally lost his sight was his old nurse, Aunt Maria, being cowhided by her master for some fault. The boy, then only a child of four or five, was playing in the straw on the threshing floor where the old slave was flogged; her piteous cries as she implored in vain for mercy haunted him like a nightmare. The prejudice against slavery was deepened a few years later when, on awakening from a fever, the boy heard his nurse Aunt Milly sobbing in the corner. Her little Mary, the last of ten children, had just been sold South, and the man who sold her had cowhided the mother for not "being good" and taking it cheerfully. The boy's blood boiled against such inhumanity, and he became an Abolitionist. When at Harvard he naturally came under the influence of Mr. Lloyd Garrison's *Liberator*, and when he returned to Tennessee, a copy of that paper was forwarded to his address. It was promptly confiscated at the Post Office, and the name of young Campbell was posted as one suspect of Abolitionism.

In those days, to be an Abolitionist in Tennessee was about as safe as to be a Protestant in Spain in the sixteenth century. The impending conflict which was in five years' time to deluge the land with blood, cast a lurid shadow over Southern society. Buchanan was the presidential candidate of the slave-holders, the last candidate that they were destined to elect. Enthusiastic defenders of the "peculiar institution" formed themselves, in various Southern States, into Vigilance Committees, or Committees of the Public Safety, who undertook the self-imposed task of ridding the State of citizens unsound in the faith. The arrival of the copy of the *Liberator* at the local post office, addressed to the newly appointed Musical Director, led the committee at once to place Dr. Campbell under surveillance. It was soon discovered that he was guilty of the heinous crime of teaching a negro to read. "What need we further evidence?" So Dr. Campbell was waited upon by a deputation from the committee, composed of the leading citizens. They

pointed out the error of his ways, and exhorted him to abandon the pestilent heresy of Abolitionism. Finding him obdurate, they substituted threatenings and cursings for argument, and finally left him an ultimatum. He must promise to vote for Buchanan, and he must pledge himself never to repeat the damnable offence of teaching a nigger to read. He refused either to give promise or pledge. Then said the committee, "We give you twenty-four hours in which to reconsider your decision. If at the end of that time you still refuse, we shall string you up to the limb of the most convenient tree."

Exeunt the patriots of the free and independent Republic, who were nurtured on the Declaration of Independence, and who blatantly professed as their cardinal article of faith that all men were born free and equal! Dr. Campbell was left with his young wife to look at life and death through the hangman's noose. It was a grim and mournful day. But his blindness stood him in good stead. It became noised abroad that the committee was going to hang a blind man. The peculiar moral sense of a community which would have acquiesced complacently in the hanging of an Abolitionist who could see, recoiled in horror from the notion of hanging an Abolitionist who was sightless. Before the twenty-four hours had expired the committee felt that it would not do. The blind man's life must be spared. But although they might not take his life, they were free to destroy his livelihood. So nearly a quarter of a century before Captain Boycott was heard of, the committee organised a boycott of Dr. Campbell. The word was passed round that no good citizen should allow his children to be taught music by an Abolitionist. As a result, not a single pupil attended his classes. Dr. Campbell bowed to the inevitable, and, packing up his movables, quitted the place where he had fondly hoped to make his home and rear his family.

And that was how it came to pass that Dr. Campbell was driven from his native land and compelled to begin the pilgrimage which, immensely to his own surprise, landed him at Norwood, where he found his life-work, all unsuspected heretofore, had been awaiting him all the time.

It was no greater surprise than that which overtakes most of those who do the best work in the world. They seldom seek it themselves of their own instinctive volition. They are driven to it, often by the most relentless of scourges. The decree of banishment from his native state, enforced just as he had settled down in his new-made nest, was hard to bear, no doubt, but it was trifling compared with the first step necessary to qualify Dr. Campbell for his life's task. When he was born he had as bright eyes as any one.

The first step to prepare him for the work in which he has achieved supreme success was to blind him. Bird-fanciers sometimes blind chaffinches, believing that they can thereby make them sing more sweetly. Young Campbell was blinded with the same remorselessness. When between three and four years of age he was playing in the yard when the sharp thorn of an acacia tree pierced his eyeball. It was an accident, painful, no doubt, but one which would have had no lasting results but for the clumsiness or neglect of the doctor. Inflammation set in. From one eye it spread to the other, and before the inflammation subsided the sight of both eyes had gone for ever. In the months that elapsed before he absolutely lost his sight his capacity for seeing faded steadily day by day. His parents lived in the country, in Franklin County, Tennessee. The old home stood in the midst of the fields, and a famous orchard, rich with

store of peach, apple, cherry and plum trees, stood near. After the lapse of fifty years the memories of the red and white of the clover and the spring splendours of the orchard are bright and unfaded. The radiance of the southern spring, with its gorgeous floral beauty, dwells with him as a kind of drop scene, which remains visible when all the stage is buried in impenetrable darkness.

The curtain, he says, was drawn little by little. Every night before he went to bed his mother took him to see the stars from the piazza. But one night when he looked up there was not even one pin-prick in the firmament to let the glory of heaven gleam down upon earth. "Why is it so dark?" he asked his mother. "Why does not God light up the stars for your little boy?" The light of the eye was quenched for ever. His mother's tears fell fast on the child's face as she carried him with aching heart to his bed. The curtain had fallen:—

Not to me returns

Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me.

It was hard for the boy. But it was the first step to the achievement of the work of his life. Without that experience he would have grown up, like his brothers, possibly a worthy citizen of Franklin County, but the supreme service which he has rendered to mankind would never have been associated with his name.

But it was only the beginning of his initiation into the school of hardship. Hardly had his sight disappeared before financial misfortune overtook the family. His father lost all his property but one small farm in the mountains, where it took them all their time, working all hands early and late, to make both ends meet. To blindness it was necessary to superadd poverty, for the two

afflictions are in nine cases out of ten inextricably intertwined. Poverty, however, only drew the family more closely together. Young Campbell was fortunate in having a brave and noble-hearted mother, an affectionate father and brothers, to whom the presence of "poor blind Joseph" appears to have been a blessed ministry of grace, developing compassion and tenderness and the finer virtues. At first their kindness took the unfortunate shape of excessive indulgence. The blind laddie was not to be crossed, or punished, neither was he to be put to work. The blind boy was, however, not built of the stuff that develops into the helpless lounge. If work is the primeval curse of God on sinful man, compulsory idleness is the curse of the devil, and as much worse than the divine malediction as hell is worse than heaven. Young Campbell chafed against the well-meant interdict which forbade him to work. Every one in the house was busy from morning till night. Why could not he do something? But what could a blind boy do? He suggested that he might chop kindling wood for the fire. His father scouted the idea. How could he be trusted with an axe? But once when the father had gone off on business for some time, his mother yielded to his entreaties and lent him an axe, took him to the wood-pile, and set him to work. What would have been drudgery to his brothers was inexpressible delight to him. When his father returned he found to his astonishment six cords of firewood all cut and carefully piled ready for use. "Well done, lads," he exclaimed, addressing the brothers, who, to his amazement, told him that the wood had been cut and piled by "poor blind Joseph." His father was shrewd enough to take the hint. He bought the lad a beautiful new light axe, and from that time took the greatest pains to teach him how to do all kinds of work about the farm.

There was no school for the blind in those days in



"WINDERMERE," THE PRINCIPAL'S RESIDENCE, WITH BLIND OARSMEN IN THE FOREGROUND.

Tennessee. So the blind boy mourned more bitterly over his inability to attend school than idle boys regret their compulsory schooling. In her charming but fragmentary "Reminiscences" from which Mrs. Craik constructed the sketch of Dr. Campbell which appeared in *Good Words* in 1882, he referred thus to the memory of these early days :—

There were times when I was very dull, especially during the season when all the other children went to school. Oh! the anguish of those dreary, idle, lonely days! Long before evening I would wander off on the road to the school, and sit listening for the far-off voices of those happy boys and girls coming back from their lessons.

At last, when he was ten years old, a Mr. Churchman opened a school for the blind in Nashville. Campbell's father shrank from parting with the blind pet of the home. But the mother persisted. "We must do it. It is the one thing we have been praying for." And done it was. A sewing bee was held to make his clothes, and in twenty-four hours he was driven off to Nashville. For a moment he felt awed. He had never been away from home before. But no sooner had he arrived, than a passion for learning devoured all other emotions. In three-quarters of an hour after his arrival he had mastered the alphabet, and felt that the ladder of learning was in his grasp.

The school, which was conducted by a blind teacher, was small but homelike. But even in his lessons young Campbell was subjected to the same discipline of disappointment and discouragement which has ever been the sturdiest tutor of the brave. Music was always the chief resource of the blind, and music has been the mainstay of Dr. Campbell all through life. Yet when he took his first singing lesson he failed grotesquely in the attempt to sound his notes, and showed such an absolute incapacity to hum a tune that his teacher summarily decided the boy had no ear for music, and that it was as idle to try to teach him to sing as to weave a silk purse from a sow's ear. He was relegated to brush and basket-making, and he was positively forbidden to touch the piano. Instead of discouraging him, this put him on his mettle. He determined that, ear or no ear, music he would learn :—

I hired one of the boys to give me secretly lessons in music, and I practised whenever I could. Three months after, the music-master, also blind, accidentally entering the room, said, "Who is that playing the new lesson so well?" "I, sir!" "You, Josie, you cannot play! Come here; what have you learnt?" "All that you have taught the other boys." He laughed. "Well, then, sit down and play the instruction book through from beginning to end." Fifteen months after I gained the prize for pianoforte-playing.

It was no holiday work. As there were only two pianos in the place, he had to get up at four and practise till seven in order to get his turn. In the second winter the cold was intense. Coal gave out, but he kept up his practice. He would play for half an hour, then, rushing into the playground, would run a mile at top speed by way of thawing his freezing limbs, and resume practice. By this means, by running ten miles a day, he was able to generate the bodily warmth needed to carry him through five hours' practice at the piano. It is ever so :—

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the night.

Young Campbell began to pine after a university education. His father was too poor to afford him such a luxury. He set his heart upon making the money by

teaching music. He was regarded as a kind of musical prodigy, and as the boy pianist succeeded in obtaining music lessons. But when he sat down with his first pupil, he discovered to his horror he knew nothing about teaching music. He could play, but to teach was another matter. He evaded the confession of his incapacity by asking his pupils to play to him that day. Then he went to the cemetery to meditate upon the hopelessness of his lot. He sat down on the steps of the Carrol monument in despair. Then there happened something that recalls Dick Whittington, who, from the heights of Highgate, responded to the invitation of the evening bells chiming, "Turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London." As young Campbell sat in doleful dumps, the bells of Nashville began to ring. Night was falling fast, and he thought these chimes sounded in mournful harmony with his mood. But as they rang, something compelled him to think of the career of the man at the foot of whose monument he was sitting. Carrol had begun life as a poor boy, but for twelve years he had been the idolised Governor of Tennessee. What Carrol had done Campbell might do. He sprang up, left the cemetery behind him, and sought out an Englishman—a Mr. Taylor—who had the repute of being the best pianist in America. "What do you want?" he asked gruffly. "Mr. Taylor," stammered the lad, "I—I am a fool." "Well, Joseph, myboy," said Mr. Taylor, "I know that; I have always known it, but it is less your fault than that of your teachers." On hearing his story, Mr. Taylor consented to teach him. He had a four hours' first lesson on Thursday, and on Friday he was able to give his pupil the lesson he had promised to impart. The next year, when he was barely eighteen, he was appointed teacher of music in the very institution, he remarks, "where I had first been told I could never learn music." The man had found his feet. The next thing was to find his work.

II.—THE FINDING OF HIS WORK.

When any good and great work is to be done, the man who is told off to do it is usually put through the mill with considerable severity. This is especially noticeable in the case of those who have to help others: in order to do it rightly they have to suffer themselves. Poets are said to learn in suffering what they teach in song. The school of sorrow and of adversity is usually found to be indispensable for others beside poets. To be able to put yourself in the place of others, you need to have been at one time actually in their position: that is the lesson of the Incarnation. Had the Redeemer not been tempted in all points even as we, He had never been the Redeemer of the world. And so, as Dr. Campbell was to be raised up and prepared, and fashioned, made to be a deliverer for multitudes of blind people throughout the whole world, so it was necessary that he should learn by bitter experience what are the dangers and temptations of their lot.

He was naturally strong. He is but a wee man, no bigger than Benjamin Waugh or General Gordon. But there is a stout heart in that slight, wiry frame. Good stuff is usually put up in little bundles, and the wiry mannikin often outlasts the ponderous giant. But as it was necessary he should appreciate the magnitude of the mischief that ensues from lack of attention to the solid physical necessities of the carcase, he had to go through a complete nervous breakdown, brought on by over-study. It was a bad time while it lasted, no doubt, but as we go over the splendid gymnasium and grounds at Norwood, we see how his breakdown has been profitable for the

building up of the physical constitutions of a great multitude of others.

When he was appointed music teacher, he set himself to work with a will at other branches of study. He had to go through a course of study which included mathematics, Latin and Greek, besides giving lessons to others in music. So by way of overtaking his work he overtaxed his strength. He imagined that he could do with four hours' sleep. He kept two readers going. The first read till ten o'clock at night, the other was waked up and compelled to start at two o'clock in the morning. He kept this up for a time, and then collapsed—naturally enough. The doctor's verdict was decisive: death or three months' holiday. At first he was somewhat passionately bent on chancing the former alternative. But, on second thoughts, he decided to try the holiday.

Fortunately, Dr. Campbell having been brought up from early boyhood on the farm as the companion of his brothers, had no difficulty in finding congenial occupation during this resting time. He says in the "Reminiscences," quoted by Mrs. Craik:—

I was very fond of hunting and fishing. In company with my brothers I could ascend the most inaccessible mountain cliffs. I became an expert climber. Once far from home we decided to quit the path and descend the steep face of the mountain, swinging ourselves from tree to tree. I could climb any tree that I could clasp with my arms. To all our farm animals I was devoted, especially the farm horses. My father kept one especially for me. She was a fiery, wide-awake little cob, but if she had been a human being she could not have understood my blindness better. She would come to me anywhere, wait patiently for me to mount—which I could do without saddle or bridle—and though on her mettle with others, with me she always carefully picked her way.

So when the sentence of three months' rest was pro-

nounced, he set off with a brother and a friend to the mountain springs, set up housekeeping in a cabin two miles away from anybody, and had a hard spell of wood-cutting and hill-climbing. In a few weeks he had felled ten enormous trees; by the time the three months were ended he was himself again. But the experience of the enforced rest taught him lessons which are rigidly enforced on every pupil in the college.

Of active physical exercise he was soon to have enough, and more than enough. The Tennessee School for the Blind lacked pupils. According to the census there were more than enough blind children in the State to fill the school. Tennessee is a State which covers an area of 42,000 square miles, exceeding by 10,000 square miles the area of Ireland. It was in the fifties but sparsely peopled, scantily supplied with railways, and, in a sense, in the barbarous state natural to a community based upon slave labour. It was necessary to drum up the pupils, to literally go forth into the highways and byways and to compel them to come in. Dr. Campbell, notwithstanding his blindness, was requested to scour the State and see if he could not get the sightless ones to school. Nothing loath, he mounted his brave little nag, and, accompanied by mounted friends, he rode across the State, climbing mountains, swimming rivers, picking up a child here and another there, carrying them strapped to his waist as far as fifty miles on his pony, and at last finished without a mishap. He succeeded in bringing to school a score of new pupils, an achievement which reconciled the authorities to an expenditure four times greater than what was originally contemplated.

It was shortly after this remarkable illustration of the superiority of nerve courage and resolution over the accident of blindness that Dr. Campbell went to Harvard, married his first wife, lost all his savings, and returned to



BLIND SCHOLARS AT PLAY AT NORWOOD.



BLIND TYPISTS.

Tennessee, from which, as I have already described, he was promptly expelled as an Abolitionist.

For a season the young couple were hard pressed. His wife fell ill. He himself restricted his expenditure on food to sixpence per day. At last he found his way to Boston; there, at the Perkins Institution, he found his chance. Music had been a failure at this school, for reasons which were perfectly obvious to Dr. Campbell. He undertook to teach one term for nothing, and succeeded so admirably that he was installed as head of the musical department, a position which he kept for eleven years. It was when in Boston that he laid the foundations in theory of the system which he was ultimately to apply so successfully in practice at Norwood. The first fundamental was the absolute necessity of raising the physical health and energy of the blind. Sightless men and women, partly from the lack of the stimulus of light and partly from the difficulty of taking exercise without sight, are below par. Their vitality is lower than that of the sighted. Hence the first thing to be done is to set them up physically. He says:—

I used to take my boys daily to swim in the open sea; also we went long rowing expeditions. Once we chartered a schooner and went far out to sea fishing. I led a party of them up Mount Mansfield, and another up Mount Washington. A Southerner myself, I had never seen ice skating, but in my first winter at Boston I learnt to skate, and insisted on my boys learning too.

The consuming energy of Dr. Campbell seemed to defy the limits of human endurance. In 1861 his lungs began to show signs of giving out. The doctors shook their heads and prescribed a sea voyage to South America. "And if I cannot take it?" "Then I don't give you a year to live." Dr. Campbell thought it over and decided

to take his chances. If he had only a twelvemonth left, then he would work double tides. So he put on full steam, multiplied his tasks, and—got better. General Booth, at the very outset of his career, was confronted by a similar medical warning, and surmounted the danger by a similar expedient.

Dr. Campbell kept going for another seven years. But it was necessary to transport him to the place which was to be the scene of his greatest success. As usual the method employed was not that which he would have chosen. Neither was he allowed even a hint beforehand as to what his work had to be. In 1869 his health gave way. His wife, who was then a confirmed invalid, was unable to keep herself going, let alone spare strength to reinforce his failing energies. So he was allowed a year's furlough in Europe in which to recruit his strength.

Dr. Campbell's method of taking rest was to make a tour of all the blind institutions in Europe in order to discover what was best, with a view to levelling up the American blind schools to the highest standard. Before long the notion of founding a first-class Conservatorium of Music for the Blind in connection with one of the universities in the United States began to haunt his imagination. It drove him to Leipsic. He called upon Professor Moscheles. "What is it that you want?" he asked. "I want the freedom of the Conservatoire," he replied, "to go into all the classes, to study all the methods of all the different professors, with the view of founding a similar institution for the Blind in the New World." It was a large order, but nothing ask and nothing have. Professor Moscheles was fascinated by the frank audacity of the request, and acceded to it without demur. For six months Dr. Campbell haunted the Conservatoire, seconded

in all his studies by Professor Moscheles. He could not give more time to Leipsic as he wished to go to Berlin, where he became the pupil of Kullak and Tausig, whose methods of instruction he thoroughly mastered. Then he visited other cities, and rich with the plunder of the Old World, he turned his face homewards. He thought he saw his way clear as to what should be done, and the way to do it. So he booked his passage for home and arrived in London on January 20th, 1871. His intention was to sail from Liverpool on the 23rd. But man proposes, God disposes. Dr. Campbell's three days have been lengthened to twenty-seven years, and still the end is not yet.

What trifles light as air in outward seeming affect the whole course of a life! Dr. Campbell, when he arrived at his hotel in London, on January 20th, was close to the great work of his life, but he knew it not. His whole mind was fixed upon returning to his own country and carrying out for the benefit of Americans what he had learned in Europe. But on that very night, a stranger staying at the hotel, noticing that he was blind, remarked that he was going to a blind tea-party; would Dr. Campbell care to come? Dr. Campbell said he would be very glad. Nothing could be more casual, more insignificant and commonplace. But it cast the die of his destiny. But for that interchange of remarks Dr. Campbell would have returned to America. Whatever he might have done there, the Normal College for the Blind would not have been at Norwood. He went to the blind tea-meeting. It was as if he had put his little finger into a cog-wheel. It gripped him and steadily drew him in. The tea-party was a charitable affair, where the indigent blind, in return for tea and cakes, expressed their gratitude to the donors of the same. To

Dr. Campbell, as to a fellow-sufferer, the mask was thrown off, and they spoke freely of their dull savage resentment against the hopelessness of their lot. Of 3,150 sightless persons in London, 2,300 were dependent upon charitable relief. "Before I left the meeting," says Dr. Campbell, "the burden of the blind poor of this great metropolis rested heavily upon me."

III.—THE FOUNDING OF THE COLLEGE.

The day after the blind tea-party Dr. Campbell and Dr. Armitage met. Dr. Armitage, who was himself almost blind, had for years devoted his time and his fortune to the improvement of the condition of the less fortunate blind. In 1868 he had founded the British and Foreign Blind Association, and in pursuit of information he had travelled far and wide and carried on an extensive correspondence in several foreign languages all over the world. He had long been a pillar of strength in the Indigent Blind Visiting Association. He was the supreme expert on all questions relating to the blind in this country.

It is easy to understand Dr. Armitage recognised in Dr. Campbell another expert, who, approaching the subject from the opposite end, had arrived at practically identical conclusions. They spent the day in comparing notes, and Dr. Campbell decided that he would postpone his departure for a week or two. The toils were closing round the captive. The cog-wheel had now the hand as well as the finger.

But even then he did not realise that the die was cast,



BLIND CYCLISTS ON THEIR DUODECUPLET.

and that he was on the threshold of the great work of his life. All that he knew was that he had found a man after his own heart in Dr. Armitage, and until he had absorbed all that he had to teach him, his place was in London, not in Boston. The two visited all his classes among the indigent blind in all parts of London. Schools, workshops, religious meetings, wherever the blind were gathered together, there Dr. Campbell accompanied Dr. Armitage. Everywhere they went they discussed not so much what ought to be done in the education and training of the blind, as how to get the improvements, upon which they were agreed, introduced into existing institutions. But the citizens of the Kingdom of the Blind looked askance at these revolutionary proposals. Who were these that they should turn their old-established systems upside down in order to make way for new-fangled theories? In the kingdoms of those who see the forces of obscurantism and reaction are strong. Who can marvel if they were even stronger in the dark realm of those who have no sight?

Winter gave place to spring, and spring was ripening into summer, when in the merry month of May, as the two inseparables were walking across Hyde Park, Dr. Armitage suddenly turned to his companion and asked, "What will it cost to start a small school and try the experiment for two years?" "£3,000," replied Dr. Campbell. "Then," said Dr. Armitage, "I will give £1,000 if the other £2,000 can be raised." But for some time it seemed as if that £2,000 could not be raised.

So Dr. Campbell took what he believed would be his last walk with Dr. Armitage in the Park, and then returning to Richmond, he spent several hours in prayer and meditation in a quiet retreat in Kew Gardens. Neither prayer nor meditation with much thinking on the subject seemed to bring him any nearer towards the attainment of the object of his heart's desire. So he abandoned the

idea, and first thing on Monday morning before breakfast he began packing his boxes to make ready for sailing to America. But at breakfast, ere the packing had well begun, the post brought a letter from Mr. William Mather, then M.P. for Gorton. "I wish to do my share," he wrote, "for the higher education and training of the blind. I enclose a cheque for the purpose. If more help is needed write to me." No more packing after this. Dr. Campbell hastened to town to tell his friend the glad news.

The Anglo-American alliance of the Tennessean and the Yorkshireman began the campaign in earnest. Dr. Armitage, Professor Fawcett, and Mr. Tibb wrote letters to the *Times*, while Dr. Campbell visited Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, so that by November £3,000 was raised, and the start was made. In February, 1872, three small houses were taken in Paxton Terrace, opposite the Low Level Station of the Crystal Palace. They began with two pupils from Leeds, but in May, just twelve months after the fateful walk in Hyde Park, they had so many pupils that a regular system of school work could be organised—in which, be it noted, Miss Faulkner, the lady who became his second wife, was one of the first teachers.

They did not remain long at Paxton Terrace.

The following year, by the liberal help of the President, his Grace the Duke of Westminster, the late Henry Gardner and many others, the beautiful freehold property upon which the college now stands was purchased, and Dr. Campbell found himself in possession of a site on which to realise the dreams of his youth. Dr. Armitage also took a leading part in the acquisition of the ground, and in providing the new institution. He contributed liberally to the library building and equipped the gymnasium, gave the church organ to the music-hall, erected the swimming bath, and in short acted as a kind of Prince Fortunatus, whose purse was always open to supply the needs of the



Photograph by Wright

MRS. CAMPBELL.

[Norwood.]

college. It is unnecessary to describe in detail the successive steps which led to the establishment of the college upon its present basis. It suffices to say that the spectacle of the college in actual work, the object-lesson which it afforded as to what could be done with and for the blind, attracted to the support of the institution all the leading philanthropists of the United Kingdom. Since the college was started it is estimated that over £200,000 has been contributed by the public in one shape or another for carrying on the work which was begun in such a small way twenty-seven years ago. But alike in the day of small things, and at the present time when the college is at the zenith of its usefulness and its popularity, everything pivoted on Dr. Campbell. The college was the outward and visible sign of the ideal which existed in his reign. Not only was every inch of the ground laid out in accordance with his ideas, but there was no detail in the management, whether of the housekeeping arrangements or in the curriculum, which did not bear the trace of his omnipresent influence. The Institution is, in fact, as I said before, the flowering forth and materialisation of the ideas of the Tennessee emigrant, who has now, for nearly the lifetime of a generation, set an example to the blind teachers of the world.

IV.—A CITY OF LIGHT IN THE KINGDOM OF THE BLIND.

If a visitor entered the grounds of the college at Norwood he would have some difficulty in believing that the pupils whom he saw walking about or amusing themselves under the trees or in the playground could be sightless. You need, as it were, to keep pinching yourself all the time to remember that the young men and young women who are cycling or swimming or skating or sauntering about the grounds are all of very truth dwellers in the kingdom of darkness. The reason for this is obvious. They are, although children of the realm of eternal night, yet dwellers at the Norwood College—they are for a time dwellers in what is a veritable city of light. It is, of course, impossible to restore sight to the totally blind, but although no one can make them see with their eyes, Dr. Campbell has to a very large extent succeeded in making them see with their fingers, and has so developed their faculties that they are able to move about with an alert confidence that is singularly at variance with our ordinary idea of the faltering step and timid movement of the sightless. If Dr. Campbell cannot give them light, he can at least help them to live. For his pupils his prayer has ever been that they might have life, and have it abundantly. Everything at Norwood rests upon that fundamental idea. Unless the physical vitality of the blind can be increased nothing can be increased. It is vain to think of adequately equipping them for success in the struggle for existence. They are so severely handicapped by the loss of their sight that it requires an extra supply of energy and vitality to give them any chance at all in the heart of the competition which prevails in the world at large. To make the blind healthy is Dr. Campbell's first care, for it is the impaired vitality, which is the direct but secondary consequence of blindness, that does more harm than the original cause of their sufferings.

Dr. Campbell has one of the most perfect gymnasiums in London, and through this gymnasium every pupil passes. Whether male or female, there is no inmate of the college who does not spend a portion of every day in gymnastic exercises, which are carefully graded, so as to bring into action every muscle of the body in turn. The gymnasium is equipped with all the best apparatus,

English, German, Swedish and American. As it is in the gymnasium, so it is everywhere else within the grounds. The outside life has preference of the inside. The grounds are beautifully and admirably laid out to enable the pupils to traverse them without stumbling. There are many steps and stairs, but these and the crossings are indicated by a slight raising of the footpaths; and by means of a few very simple signs it is possible for the blind to traverse the grounds from end to end, and to find their way about without the slightest difficulty.

When Professor Fawcett was blinded, he made up his mind that he would go on living the life he had lived before, and never abandon any pursuit from which he derived either pleasure or profit in the days before he lost his sight. Dr. Campbell has carried out the same principle; but in his case blindness settled down so very soon, that he had not the advantage from which the Professor started. Notwithstanding this, he has succeeded in doing everything and going everywhere to an extent which is almost incredible. When we read of his excursions hither and thither in the Old World and the New, we think of Tyndall, who, meeting the indomitable little man in the Alps, inquired as he took his arm, "Are you really blind, or are you only humbug?" I have seldom met any one so enthusiastic a mountaineer as Dr. Campbell. He is the only blind man who has ever ascended Mont Blanc, and there are very few snow-clad peaks in the playground of Europe which are not almost as familiar to him as the asphalted walks in the grounds at Norwood. He has been up the Matterhorn, and much preferred it to the Eiger, a mountain which, for some reason or other, does not stand well in his good graces. Before he made his first visit to Switzerland he had a portable raised model of the district in Switzerland which he was going to travel, by the aid of which he was able to identify all the glaciers, snowfields and precipices among which it was his delight to scramble. There are, however, but few blind men who can undertake the ascent of Mont Blanc; but a more practical service was Dr. Campbell's idea of introducing roller-skating as a means of supplying the blind with an active, graceful and pleasurable exercise.

Leaving the swimming-bath, and proceeding down the grounds, we come upon a cycle party which is dashing round and round the asphalted path. Bicycling is as yet impossible to the blind, excepting when the bicyclist can ride with a leader; but at the same time cycling is possible on all manner of multicycles in which the sightless can have a sighted guide.

Leaving the cycles, we come to the lake in which the blind are boating. The lack of a sufficient expanse of water to render it possible to put a very long boat upon the lake renders it impossible to ship a crew of more than six, one of whom, the steersman or steerswoman, as the case may be, is sighted.

Under the trees near the lake stands a bowling alley, in which both the ball and ninepins are handled by the blind without the intervention of a sighted person. The alley is raised from the ground, and the success of each delivery is ascertained by the number of pins which are left standing, but the acuteness of ear through practice renders touching often unnecessary. In the grounds *Barre à pied*, which takes the place of football, is also often played with spirit, the players finding their way to the bar by acuteness of ear alone. For the children there are giant strides and other amusements.

In fact, there is to be found in the college grounds a splendidly equipped recreation ground with all the

necessary appliances for amusing the pupils and developing their love of outdoor life, which is so necessary for those who have led a sedentary life before they enter the college.

Leaving the grounds, in which Dr. Campbell lays the foundation of all the education supplied by the college, the visitor is taken to the various class-rooms in which the blind are being trained for their work in life. In many respects the teaching is like that of an ordinary college. The curriculum is comprehensive, and covers the following subjects :—

Scripture lessons and Bible history ; reading, writing, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, geography ; English and general history, analysis, English composition, literature, and type-writing ; elocution, Latin, French, and German (two languages selected according to circumstances) ; botany, physiology, physics, physiography, psychology, domestic economy, and theory of teaching.

We now come to the department which is the backbone of the whole college, if it is regarded as a technical school. It would be easy to write an account of the college under several different heads, for—

The Royal Normal College and Academy of Music is an assemblage of schools ; it embraces : (1) a Primary School, where, in addition to the usual class subjects, special attention is given to kindergarten, sloyd, physical and musical training, for the purpose of thoroughly preparing them for the work of the higher departments ; (2) a Department for Secondary Education ; (3) a Technical or Pianoforte Tuning School ; (4) a Conservatory of Music ; (5) Smith Training College under the Education Department.

Of all these departments the most immediately practical, and the one which tends most directly to assist the blind to make their living, is that in which they are taught piano-tuning and music. This is a department especially dear to Dr. Campbell, and he has lavished on

it an infinity of time and patience. To carry it on are needed four pipe-organs, sixty pianos for teaching, and twenty-six for tuning.

Of the 260 pupils who have already graduated at the college, and whose total earnings last year amounted to £25,000, the great majority were musically employed. They were either organists, certificated teachers of music, or tuners. Of the £25,000 earned by the blind in 1897, £23,000 was received directly or indirectly from the teaching of music.

Of the other subsidiary departments, of literature, language, mathematics, etc., the examiners speak with equal warmth. The headmaster of one of the leading public schools, after listening to an examination in poetry, said that he heartily wished his boys could show such evidence of thorough training and keen appreciation under examination. Everywhere and always the one object of Dr. Campbell has been to make the sightless as competent as the seeing in such industries and professions in which competition, despite the handicap of blindness, is not impossible. Thus it has come to pass that the college at Norwood well deserves to be publicly regarded as a city of light in the kingdom of the blind.

V.—WHAT DR. CAMPBELL WANTS NOW.

“Man never is, but always to be blest.” Everyone is dissatisfied with his ideal the moment it is realised. The realised ideal becomes but a stepping-stone to reaching forward to a further ideal, which, like the horizon, perpetually recedes as one advances towards it. Dr. Campbell has got his own ideas of what should be done, nor can any one who has paid even cursory attention to the subject deny that a great deal still remains to be done.

Something has been done towards realising his ideals, and the School Boards throughout the country have, under the Act of 1893, undertaken a good deal of



A SLOYD CLASS AT NORWOOD COLLEGE.

the work that the Royal Commission declared should be taken in hand. It was the principle of this Act of 1893 which has brought upon the Normal College the temporary difficulty which may result in extricating the institution at a bound from all its difficulties. In 1896 the executive committee of the college decided to hand over the college to the London School Board.

Experienced administrators warned the committee that they were making a very hazardous experiment. It is true that by handing over the buildings and the grounds, on which £55,000 had been expended, they were able to obtain from the School Board £22,000, with which they extinguished their mortgages, but by doing so they placed themselves in a position which threatened seriously to diminish the efficiency of the college as a national institution. The relations between the School Board and the Executive Committee have been, and are, extremely harmonious, but the School Board, being a rate-supported body, is compelled to administer the affairs of the Normal College on general principles, which, however excellent they may be in relation to Board Schools, do not operate so well when applied to institutions which largely depend for their existence upon voluntary subscriptions. The rate-supported authority increases its expenditure and inevitably tends to extinguish the voluntary support of the institution with which it has gone into partnership. Experience has deepened the conviction of all concerned that the present arrangement is impossible, and therefore a determined effort is being made to raise £23,000 for the purpose of redeeming the institution from the School Board, and re-establishing its management upon its old footing. The special appeal issued by the Executive Committee closes as follows :—

The College was established as a National Institution for the Higher, Technical, and Musical Education of the Blind.

The original purpose of its establishment will be lost if it remains under the legal and financial control of a rate-supported body, which can only provide a small portion of the annual income. On such a basis, it will become impossible to carry on the four higher departments which depend upon charitable resources.

Appeal.

If by united effort we can raise £23,200 and pay off the School Board, we shall be in a condition to do far more and better work for the blind than at any previous period. There will be no mortgage, no bankers' interest, and the purchase and equipment of "Walmer" will do away with the rental of additional houses, and lessen our annual expenditure by £823. Thus, for the first time since the establishment of the College, we shall have our complete equipment, without any encumbrance.

In Dr. Campbell's own report for the present year he makes a personal appeal, in which he expresses more clearly his opinion on the matter. He says that experience has plainly shown that a mistake was made when the transfer was effected. The Board needs an elementary school where blind children of a suitable age could be placed and give special attention to handicrafts while continuing their elementary education. But only a few of these children possess either sufficient ability or industry to be trained for scholarships in the Technical School, the Academy of Music, or the Training College. Dr. Campbell says :—

Not only as Principal of the College, but as a blind man who has devoted his entire life, his energy, and his means to the cause of his class, I beg you to consider the subject well. The mistake into which we have unfortunately drifted can be rectified if the money necessary for the re-purchase can now be obtained ; but if the present opportunity is allowed to pass, the

Royal Normal College will cease to be a National Institution for the Higher and Musical Education of the Blind of the country.

VI.—A PARTING WORD.

What are you going to do for the blind ? There are nine hundred and ninety-nine seeing persons in this world to see after each person who cannot see. What is everybody's business is apt to be nobody's. But this is not everybody's business. It is the business of nine hundred and ninety-nine, of whom you are one. What are you going to do as your share ?

We read and speak much about parables of talents, and about each of us being stewards of God's bounty. If to-morrow morning you were to be doomed to lose your eyes, you would begin to understand what a talent you have in your sight. Skin for skin, all that a man hath will he give for his life, and eye for eye, what is there of worldly goods and social position or earthly fame that you would not willingly sacrifice to avert so appalling a catastrophe as the total loss of sight ? But because we are allowed to keep our eyes without fear and enjoy our sight as a thing natural and habitual to us we forget our responsibility for these others.

There are not quite two hundred blind in the Normal College, and over them hangs a burden of nearly £25,000, or say, £150 per inmate. Ten shillings a day for one year paid by any sighted person would more than lift that financial burden from the sightless brother ; two hundred of the sighted at that rate could redeem the City of Light for the saving of those who sit in the Kingdom of Darkness. But there are so many sighted that there is no need to throw the burden upon so few. What will you give as the ransom for your eyes ? What kind of peppercorn rent will you pay as an acknowledgment of your stewardship of God's great bounty of sight ?

The Normal College is the best of its kind. Its Principal, Dr. Campbell, is the most capable of all those employed in the ministry of light to those who sit in darkness. It is discreditable to our common sense, to say nothing of our philanthropy, that having got the best and rarest of the gifts of the Gods to men we should refuse to do our part, and shrink from supplying the comparatively trifling sum necessary to wipe off this financial embarrassment, and to restore it to its necessary independence.

If this is done the Normal College will be numbered before long among the institutions of the high water mark, which indicates a level higher than that which the race can normally maintain. It will become a mere elementary school under the Board, and Dr. Campbell will be compelled in his declining years to begin again the attempt to realise his great ideal in his native land under more generous auspices. For the man is unconquerable. But this great disaster must not be allowed to disgrace our country. The money can be raised in twenty-four hours if only each of the sighted nine hundred and ninety-nine who are the keepers of their sightless brother would think seriously what they should give in pledge and ransom for the privilege of sight.

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Campbell, T. J. DR. OF THE
KINGDOM OF THE BLIND.

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